

Mac Flecknoe:

A

1485 w 32

POEM.

By J. DRYDEN.

WITH

Spencer's Ghost:

BEING A

SATYR concerning POETRY.

By J. OLDHAM.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Booksellers
of *London and Westminster*, 1709.

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By J. D. M.

WITNESSETH

Spencer's Ghost:

BEING A

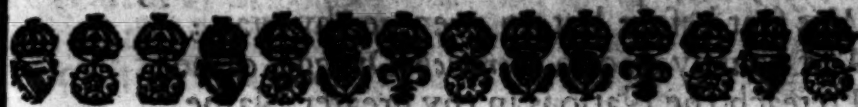
SATYR concerning POETRY.

By J. D. M.

LONDON.

Printed by H. Bohn, and sold by the Booksellers, of London and Westminster.

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MAC FLECKNOE.

A L L humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
 This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Augustus*, young,
 Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
 In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute,
 Through all the Realms of *Non-sense*, absolute.
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
 To settle the Succession of the State:
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit;
 Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
 Should only rule, who most resembles me:
Sb ——— alone my perfect Image bears,
 Mature in Dullness from his tender years.
Sb ——— alone, of all my Sons, is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But *Sb* ——— never deviates into sense.
 Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
 But *Sb* ———'s genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
 Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
 Thoughtless on Monarch Oaks, that shade the Plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:

Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
 And coarsly clad in *Norwich* Druggert came
 To teach the Nations in thy greater Name.
 My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung
 When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,
 Was but the Prelude to that glorious Day,
 When thou on Silver *Thames* did'st cut thy way,
 With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
 Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge;
 And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets tost.
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
 The Lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
 At thy well-sharpen'd Thumb from Shore to Shore
 The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
 Echoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sb*—— call,
 And *Sb*—— they resound from *A*—— Hall.
 About thy Boat the little Fishes throng,
 As at the Morning Toast, that Floats along.
 Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious Band,
 Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's Feet ne'er kept more equal Time,
 Not even the Feet of thy own *Psyche's* Rhime;
 Though they in number as in sense excell;
 So just, so like tautology they fell,
 That, pale with Envy, *Singleton* forswore
 The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
 And vow'd he ne'er wou'd aft *Villerius* more.
 Here stopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
 In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
 All Arguments, but most his Plays, perswade,
 That for anointed Dullness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
 (The fair *Augusta* much to Fears inclin'd)
 An ancient Fabrick, rais'd t' inform the sight,
 There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:

A Watch-Tower once, but now, so Fate ordains,
 Of all the Pile an empty Name remains.
 From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,
 Scenes of lewd Loves, and of polluted Joys.
 Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
 And, undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep.
 Near these a Nursery erects its head,
 Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
 Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
 Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
 And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.
 Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
 But gentle *Simkins* just reception finds
 Amidst this Monument of vanish'd minds:
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.
 Here *Fleckno*, as a place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
 For ancient *Decker* prophes'd long since,
 That in this Pile shou'd Reign a mighty Prince,
 Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense:
 To whom true Dullness shou'd some *Psyche* owe,
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his Pen shou'd flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it shou'd produce,
 Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.
 Now Empress *Fame* had publish'd the Renown,
 Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
 Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
 From near *Bun-Hill*, and distant *Warling-street*.
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:
 From dusty Shops neglected Authors come,
 Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
 Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
 But Loads of *Sh*—— almost choak'd the way.
 Bilk'd *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
 And *H*—— was Captain of the Guard.

The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
 High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young *Aescanius* sat
Rome's other Hope, and Pillar of the State.
 His Brows thick Fogs, instead of Glories, grace,
 And lambent Dulness play'd around his Face.
 As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
 Sworn by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
 So *Sh*—swore, nor shou'd his Vow be vain;
 That he till Death true Dulness wou'd maintain;
 And in his Father's Right, and Realms defence,
 Ne'er to have Peace with Wit, nor Truce with Sense.
 The King himself the sacred Uction made,
 As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
 In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
 He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;
 Love's Kingdom to his Right he did convey,
 At once his Scepter and his Rule of Sway;
 Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
 And from whose Loins recorded *Psyche* sprung.
 His Temples last with Poppies were o'erspread,
 That nodding seem'd to consecrate his Head:
 Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
 On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
 So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's Brook*,
 Presage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
 Th'admiring Throng loud Acclamations make,
 And Omens of his future Empire take.
 The *Syre* then shook the Honours of his Head,
 And from his Brows damps of Oblivion shed
 Full on the filial Dulness: long he stood,
 Repelling from his Breast the raging God;
 At length burst out in this prophetick mood:

Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
 To farr *Barbadoes* on the Western Main;
 Of his Dominion may no End be known,
 And greater than his Father's be his Throne.

Beyond

Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his Pen;
 He paus'd, and all the People cry'd *Amen*.
 Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
 Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
 Success let others teach, learn thou from me
 Pangs without Birth, and fruitless Industry.
 Let *Virtuoso's* in five years be Writ;
 Yet not one Thought accuse thy toil of Wit.
 Let gentle *George* in Triumph tread the Stage;
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
 Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
 And in their folly shew their Writers wit.
 Yet still thy Fools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their Author's want of Sense.
 Let 'em be all by thy own Model made
 Of Dullness, and desire no Foreign Aid:
 That they to future Ages may be known,
 Not Copies drawn, but Issue of thy own.
 Nay let thy Men of Wit too be the same,
 All full of Thee, and differing but in Name;
 But let no Alien's ———— interpose
 To lard with Wit thy hungry *Epos* Prose.
 And when false Flowers of Rhetorick thou would'st call,
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
 But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
 Sir *Formal's* Oratory will be thine.
 Sir *Formal*, though unsought, attends thy Quill,
 And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.
 Nor let false Friends seduce thy Mind to Fame;
 By arrogating *Johnson's* hostile Name,
 Let Father *Fleckno* fire thy Mind with Praise,
 And Uncle *Ogleby* thy Envy raise.
 Thou art my Blood, where *Johnson* has no part;
 What share have we in Nature or in Art?
 Where did his Wit on Learning fix a Brand,
 And rail at Arts he did not understand?
 Where made he Love in Prince *Nicander's* Vein,
 Or swept the Dust in *Psyche's* humble Strain?

Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stitch, kiss my Arse,
 Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce?
 When did his Muse from Fletcher Scenes purloin,
 As thou whole *Edridge* dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.
 This is thy Province, this thy wond'rous Way,
 New Humours to invent for each new Play:
 This is that boasted Byass of thy Mind,
 By which one way, to Dullness, 'tis inclin'd,
 Which makes thy Writings lean on one-side still,
 And in all Changes that way bends thy Will.
 Nor let thy Mountain-belly make pretence
 Of Likeness; thine's a Tympany of Sense.
 A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
 But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of Wit.
 Like mine thy gentle Numbers feebly creep,
 Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.
 With whate'er Gall thou sett'st thy self to write,
 Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite,
 In thy felonious Heart, though Venom lies,
 It does but touch thy *Irish* Pen, and dies.
 Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase Fame,
 In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram;
 Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy Command
 Some peaceful Province in Acrostick Land.
 There thou may'st Wings display, and Altars raise,
 And torture one poor word Ten thousand ways.
 Or if thou would'st thy different Talents suit,
 Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy Lute.
 He said, but his last Words were scarcely heard,
 For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a Trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard,
 Sinking he left his Drugget Robe behind,
 Born upwards by A subterranean Wind.
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
 With double portion of his Father's Art.

S A T Y R

The Person of Spencer is brought in, Dissuading the Author from the Study of Poetry; and shewing how little it is esteem'd and encourag'd in this present Age.

ONE Night, as I was pondering of late
 On all the Mis'ries of my hapless Fate,
 Cursing my rhiming Stars, raving in Vain
 At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign:
 In came a ghastly Shape, all pale and thin,
 As some poor Sinner, who by Priest had been
 Under a long Lent's Penance, starv'd and whip'd,
 Or parboil'd Lecher, late from Hot-house crept;
 Famish'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes sunk in,
 Like Morning-Gown about him hung his Skin;
 A Wreath of Lawrel on his Head he wore,
 A Book, inscrib'd the *Fairy Queen*, he bore.
 By this I knew him, rose, and bow'd, and said,
 Hail reverend Ghost! all hail most sacred Shade
 Why this great Visit? why vouchsaf'd to me,
 The meanest of thy British Progeny?
 Com'st thou in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muse,
 Some of thy mighty Spirit, to infuse:
 If so; lay on thy Hands, ordain me fit
 For the high Cure, and Ministry of Wit;
 Let me (I beg) thy great Instructions claim,
 Teach me to tread the glorious Paths of Fame.
 Teach me (for none does better know than thou)
 How, like thy self, I may immortal grow.

Thus

Thus did I speak, and spoke it in a strain;
 'Above my common-rate, and usual vein;
 As if inspir'd by presence of the Bard,
 Who with a Frown thus to reply was heard,
 In style of Satyr, such wherein of old
 He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubbard* told.

I come, fond Ideot, ere it be too late,
 Kindly to warn thee of thy wretched Fate:
 Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me
 To shun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:
 Had I the choice of Flesh and Blood again,
 To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
 I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,
 A Groom, or any thing, but Poet here:
 Hast thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,
 Who thro' the Streets with dismal Scream and Tone,
 Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shoes and Boots,
 Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazetts, and Votes?
 So unrecorded to the Grave I'd go,
 And nothing but the Register tell, who?
 Rather that poor unheard-of Wretch I'd be,
 Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,
 With all its boasted Immortality:
 Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia's Shore*,
 The *Grecian* Bullies fighting for a Whore:
 Or he of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols
 For praising Jockies, and *New-Market* Fools.

So many now, and bad the Scriblers be,
 'Tis scandal to be of the Company:
 The foul Disease is so prevailling grown,
 So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,
 That scarce a Man well-bred in either's deem'd:
 But who has kill'd, been often clapt, and oft has rhim'd.
 The Fools are troubled with a Flux of Brains,
 And on each Paper squirt their filthy sense:
 A leash of Sonnets, and a dull Lampoon,
 Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
 A Man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown:

Ev'n that vile Wretch, who in lewd Verse each year
Describes the Pageants, and my good Lord Mayr,
Whose Works must serve the next Election-day
For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay;
Yet counts himself of the inspired Train,
And dares in Thought the sacred Name profane.

But is it nought (thou'lt say) in Front to stand,
With Laurel crown'd by *White*, or *Loggan's* hand?
Is it not great, and glorious to be known,
Mark'd out, and gaz'd at thro' the wond'ring Town,
By all the Rabble passing up and down?
So *Oats* and *Bedlam* have been pointed at,
And every busy Coxcomb of the State:
The meanest Felons who thro' *Holborn* go,
More Eyes and Looks than twenty Poets draw:
If this be all, go have thy pebbled Name
Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham
To be the stop of gaping Prentices,
And read by reeling Drunkards, when they piss;
Or else to be expos'd on trading Stall,
While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazetts to tell,
Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not sell.

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in dream,
With hopes of purchasing a lasting Name:
Thou think'st perhaps thy Trifles shall remain,
Like sacred *Cowley*, and immortal *Ben*.
But who of all the bold Adventurers,
Who now drive on the trade of Fame in Verse
Can be ensur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
Where there so many lost and shipwrack'd be?
How many Poems writ in ancient time,
Which thy Fore-fathers had in great esteem,
Which in the crowded Shops bore any rate,
And sold like News-Books, and Affairs of State
Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
As *Pordage*, *Fleekna*, or the *British Prince*?
Quarles, *Chapman*, *Haywood*, *Wisberr* had Applause,
And *Wild* and *Ogilby* in former days;

But

But now are damn'd to wrapping Drugs and Wares,
 And curs'd by all their broken Stationers;
 And so mayst thou perchance pass up and down,
 And please a while th' admiring Court and Town,
 Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
 To mould with *Silvester* and *Shirley* there,
 And truck for Pots of Ale next *Stourbridge-Fair*.
 Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal Name
 To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame,
 And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit
 Wipe Porters'ails, or mount in Paper-Kite!
 But, grant thy Poetry should find success,
 And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks please;
 Admit, it read, and prais'd, and courted be
 By this nice Age, and all Posterity;
 If thou expectest ought but empty Fame,
 Condemn thy Hopes, and Labours to the Flame:
 The Rich have now learn'd only to admire,
 He, who to greater Favours does aspire,
 Is mercenary thought, and writes to hire:
 Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Countries Fame,
 Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme,
 Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward's* greater Son,
 Or our fifth *Mary*, matchless in Renown;
 Make *Agincourt*, and *Crissy* Fields outvie
 The fam'd *Lavinian* Shores, and Walls of *Troy*;
 What *Scipio*, what *Mucius* would'st thou find,
 What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?
 Bless me! how great his Genius! how each Line
 Is big with Sense! how glorious a Design
 Does thro' the whole, and each proposition shine!
 How lofty all his Thoughts, and how inspir'd!
 Pity, such wondrous Thoughts are not prefer'd!
 Cries a gay wealthy Set, who would not bail
 For bare five Pounds the Author out of Jail,
 Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief
 Came out the needy Poets to relieve,
 To the whole Tribe would scarce a Tester give.

But

But fifty Guineas for a Whore and Clap!
 The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous cheap!
 A Poet wou'd be dear, and out o'th' way,
 Should he expect above a Coachman's pay.
 For this will any dedicate, and lye,
 And dawb the gawdy Afs with Flattery;
 For this will any prostitute his Sence
 To Coxcombs void of Bounty, as of Brains;
 Yet such is the hard Fate of Writers now,
 They're forc'd for Alms to each great Name to bow:
 Fawn like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
 Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glais,
 By which she every morning primes her Face;
 Sneak to his Honor, call him Witty, Brave,
 And Just, tho' a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
 And praise his Lineage, and Nobility,
 Whose Arms at first came from the Company.
 'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore
 The blind old *Bard*, with Dog and Bell before,
 Was fain to sing for Bread from door to door.
 The needy Muses all turn'd Gipsies then,
 And of the begging Trade e'er since have been;
 Should mighty *Sappho* in these days revive,
 And hope upon her stock of Wit to live;
 She must to *Creswel's* trudge to mend her Gains,
 And let her Tail to hire, as well as Brains.
 What Poet ever Fin'd for Sheriff? or who
 By Wit and Sence did ever Lord Mayors grow?
 My own hard Usage here I need not press,
 Where you have every day before your face
 Plenty of fresh resembling Instances:
 Great *Cowley's* Muse the same ill Treatment had,
 Whose Verse shall live for ever to upbraid
 Th' ungrateful World, that left such Worth unpaid,
Valler himself may thank Inheritance
 For what he else had never got by Sence,
 On *Butler* who can think without just Rage,
 The Glory and the Scandal of the Age:

Fair stood his hopes when first he came to Town;
 Met every-where with welcome of Renown,
 Courted, and lov'd by all, with wonder read,
 And promises of Princely Favour fed:
 But what Reward for all had he at last,
 After a Life in dull expectance pass'd?
 The Wretch at summing up his mis-spent days
 Found nothing left, but Poverty and Praise:
 Of all his Gains by Verse he could not save
 Enough to purchase Flannel, and a Grave:
 Reduc'd to want, he in due time fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be interr'd on tick:
 And well might bless the Fever that was sent,
 To rid him hence, and his worse Fate prevent.

You've seen what Fortune other Poets share;
 View next the Factors of the Theatre:
 That constant Mart, which all the year does hold,
 Where Staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and sold;
 Here trading Scriblers for their Maintenance,
 And Livelihood trust to a Lott'ry chance:
 But who his Parts would in the Service spend,
 Where all his hopes on vulgar Breath depend?
 Where every Sor, for paying half a Crown,
 Has the Prerogative to cry him down?
Sidley indeed may be content with Fame,
 Nor care should an ill judging Audience damn:
 But *Settle*, and the rest, that write for Pence,
 Whose whole Estate's an ounce, or two of Brains,
 Should a thin House on the third day appear,
 Must starve, or live in Tatters all the year.
 And what can we expect that's brave and great,
 From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to eat?
 Who the success of the next Play must wait
 For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths: and whose chief care
 Is how to sponge for the next Meal, and where?

Hadst thou of old in flourishing *Athens* liv'd,
 When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd;

When

When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did sway,
 And Poets by the State were held in pay;
 Twere worth thy pains to cultivate thy Muse,
 And daily wonders then it might produce:
 But who would now write *Hackney* to a Stage,
 That's only thought the Nuisance of the Age?
 To after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
 And toil to bring in thankless Ideots means:
 Turn o'er dull *Horace*, and the *Classick* Fools,
 To poach for Sense, and hunt for idle Rules:
 Be free of Tickets, and the Play-Houses,
 To make some mawdry Actress there thy Prize,
 And spend thy third Days gains, 'twixt her clasp'd
 Thighs.

All Trades, and all Professions here abound,
 And yet Encouragement for all is found:
 Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
 Who every-where helps to increase the Bills,
 Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beside,
 For what less Villains must to *Tyburn* ride.
 Here a dull trading Sor, in Wealth o'ergrown
 By thriving Knavery, can call his own
 A dozen Mannors; and if Fate still bless,
 Expects as many Counties to possess.
 Junks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Pensions gain,
 And every day the Great Mens Bounty drain:
 Lavish expence on Wit, has never yet
 Been tax'd amongst the Grievances of State.
 The *Turky*, *Guinny*, *Indian* Gainers be,
 And all but the Poetick Company:
 Each place of Traffick, *Bentam*, *Smyrna*, *Zant*,
Greenland, *Virginia*, *Sevil*, *Alicant*,
 And *France*, that sends us Dildoes, Lace, and Wine,
 Fast profit all, and large Returns bring in:
Marnassus only is that barren Coast,
 Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's lost.
 Then be advis'd, the slighted Muse forsake,
 And *Cook* and *Dalton* for thy study take:

For Fees each Term sweat in the crowded Hall;
 And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl:
 Where *M—d* thrives, and pockets more each year
 Than forty Laureats at the Theater.
 Or else to Orders, and the Church betake
 Thy self, and that thy future Refuge make:
 There fawn on some proud Patron to engage
 Th' Advowson of each Punk, and Parsonage:
 Or sooth the Court, and preach up Kingly Right,
 To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.
 In fine, turn Pettifogger, Canonist,
 Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Priest,
 Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,
 Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer:
 Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg, Cheat, or
 Be all but Poet, and there's way to live. [Thieve

But why do I in vain my Counsel spend
 On one whom there's so little hope to mend?
 Where I perhaps as fruitlessly exhort,
 As Lenten Doctors, when they Preach at Court;
 Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have try'd,
 Not Fops, and Women from Conceit, and Pride,
 Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
 Nor seer'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,
 Are half so hard, and stubborn to reduce,
 As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with Muse.

If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,
 Nor from the Rhiming Folly thee recal,
 But spight of all thou wilt be obstinate,
 And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;
 May'st thou go on unpitied, till thou be
 Brought to the Parish-Badg, and Beggary:
 Till urg'd by Want, like broken Scriblers, thou
 Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,
 And write Heroick Verse for *Bartholomew*.

Then slighted by the very Nursery,
 May'st thou at last be forc'd to starve, like me.



F I N I S.

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